

Yorgos Ntovas

Claire, Erica and Cleo

The Series

Part 1 - The Beginning

An erotic, social novel



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About the Author

Yorgos Ntovas was born in Volos, Greece.

He studied Electronics and Computer Science.

He is an I.T. and Communications Consultant, Books and Theatrical Texts Author, Scripts Writer and Paranormal Phenomena Investigator.

He creates Digital Artworks and writes various strange or not, books.

He has written in Greek the books, Claire – Erica – Cleo (Trilogy), Eleni & Menelaos, A Rainy Afternoon and Many Sunny Days, The Publisher, Attempt of Rape, 4 Erotic Stories, Renaissance, The Politician, Herma, The Bride.

The first book of the trilogy “Claire – Erica – Cleo”, “A Rainy Afternoon and Many Sunny Days” and “Eleni and Menelaos”, have been translated into English and are available worldwide.

Yorgos Ntovas speaks English, French and German and lives and works in Athens, Greece.

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1. Monday – Claire!

...What is he suggesting? he thought. To seduce his cousin in order to marry her. Why? Apparently because she is the sole heiress of his uncle's fortune. And judging from what I saw, this must be an immense fortune. He doesn't want his cousin to get involved with someone else because he won't be able to control him. In other words he believes he can control me. To what degree? Am I willing to become his duteous tool? This is something I have to clarify.

And on top of it, why must the wedding occur by midsummer? Probably because the advancements are scheduled and in order to be controlled, Erica needs to be married. It seems there are also enterprises. If Erica is the heiress, she should be the one to run them. However, she doesn't look capable of that.

And from what he understood, even Dimitris is involved in this.

Maybe Erica's father didn't trust him as much as he declares. A husband though, let alone an experienced one when it comes to enterprises and management could surely do it.

He recalled Dimitris's words when he asked why he chose him. *Among many things he mentioned someone experienced both in life and business, organizational and quick at making decisions. This was it, then. Not to mention someone who could be controlled by him, even in a good way. He should consider his attitude towards Dimitris very carefully, in case he decided to accept his offer.*

But the real question was Erica. She was a very beautiful girl for sure. She did have some extra weight but this issue could be solved fast and easily. If she was indeed exactly as he described her, then she would be a piece of work and wouldn't cause him any problems. Is this the case, however? Or he made her sound ideal on purpose? And what about her age? She is only twenty four. Merely half his age. Then it

occurred to him, that when he met his wife for the first time she was also twenty four. And look how they ended up. Regardless of Erica's reaction, could he function with her?

The last time he had sex with someone was three years ago. How was he supposed to have sex with a twenty four year old virgin? The idea worried him. He might be experienced with women, but all his previous partners were also experienced. Even when he hooked up with a seventeen year old girl (he didn't know her age then), she had proven to be more experienced than him. So, how would he treat a virgin? Could he function? How would she react? Would he cope? All these thoughts were scaring him.

He tried to focus on the positive points. For example, if he handled that well, he would solve his financial problem. If he connected with Erica and could mold her, he would end up with a beautiful and desirable wife. He brought her photos to his mind. Apart from her gorgeous face and amazing breasts, she had a great body at the age of eighteen. She had potential. All he had to do was persuade her to visit a weight loss center and follow a specific diet. Technology does wonders nowadays. Since money wasn't an issue in this family, success was granted. Another thing that bothered him was her sexual performance. Was it possible that she would sexually awaken or she would become a cold and prissy partner who would just spread her legs wide open and expect her husband to do everything else and finally come without her even realizing it? If that was the case, no way he would settle for it. And he knew very well this was likely to happen.

All these thoughts made him call Dimitris again. It wasn't late after all.

"Hello?"

"Dimitris? This is Kostas. I hope you don't mind me calling."

"Don't mention it. I told you, you can call me any time."

“Thank you. I can’t stop thinking about your proposal and I would like you to send me some representative photos of Erica, the ones you showed me back at your place. Could you send them via email?”

“Certainly. Any preferences?”

“I would like the ones where she is eighteen, those with her bathing suit in Santorini and some recent ones as well.”

“Sure. Give me your email address so I can send them right away.”

“I’ll text it to you to avoid any mistakes.”

“Very well. Keep in mind that I generally sleep late at night, so don’t hesitate to call if you need something else. Time is of the essence. . If it’s necessary, I can come over to discuss. I don’t mind at all.”

“Ok, I’ll keep that in mind. Thanks.”

A few moments later, he received an email with the photos he requested. The idea that had crossed his mind was to send them to an old friend that happened to be a psychologist who specialized in sexual attitudes among couples. Some years ago, they had a short relationship. Truth is, they had lost touch but he was certain she would remember him. He hoped she hadn’t changed her number. He looked it up and checked it on the internet too, just to be sure. She had changed her phone number after all but he managed to recover her address and new phone number.

He called her at home and she picked up.

“Good evening. Claire, is that you?”

“Good evening. This is Claire, who am I speaking to?”

“First of all, my apologies for the time. It’s Kostas Alexiou. Do you remember me?”

“Of course, I do remember. Long time no see. To what do I owe the pleasure?”

“Before going through that, tell me how are you ?”

“I’m fine and you?”

"I'm fine too. I wanted to apologize for not having called all these years. Many things happened in my life and most were not pleasant. I actually need your help. I have to make a serious decision and I have to make it fast. I would love your advice, if you don't mind, of course."

"No problem. You know me, I don't judge. I admit that I was thinking of you sometimes. I wanted to call you. I even tried it once, two years ago, but you had changed your phone number. I searched for your new number but without success. Anyway, tell me what you want to ask and if I can, I will be happy to help you."

"I'll be brief. Apart from that though, I would like to see you one of these days. It would be a great pleasure."

"I would love that. We can schedule a meeting. But first, tell me how can I help."

"I'm about to take a big step with a girl but I'm full of questions according some matters. I remember that you used to be a great physio gnomist, especially about sexual behavior. I would like to send you certain photos of that girl via email so you can give me your professional opinion."

"What exactly do you want to know?"

"If you don't mind, I would like to send you the photos first. Check them, and then we will discuss. I need you to look at them so you can answer my questions."

"Fine by me. You aroused my curiosity. When do you need those answers?"

"I know I'm taking advantage of your kindness but I really need to make a decision by tomorrow morning so if you have the time, could we do this right now?"

"I like you. Well, I'm not in the middle of anything so we can do it right away. I'm texting you my email address. Oh, even better! Do you have a Skype account?"

"Sure"

“Great. I’m sending you my Skype username as well. Send me the photos and I will call you in Skype if that’s ok with you. Or we could talk on the phone.”

“Of course, it’s ok with me. Talk to you soon!”

As soon as he hung up, he received the text. He logged into the Skype, he added the username then sent the photos and waited. After a while, he got a video call. He answered it and Claire appeared on the screen. He found himself momentarily gaping. The woman he was staring at, had nothing to do with the one he remembered. Claire was definitely beautiful and attractive but she also had her flaws. Her hair was red back then, her bosom wasn’t remarkable and she had some extra weight. The new Claire was a stunning brunette. Her bust was explosive. She obviously had fixed it.

“Good evening. Wow! You look amazing! Things must have been great for you.”

“Good evening to you too, Kostas.» She replied, smiling.

“If you are referring to my transformation, it’s a long story and I would like to discuss it face to face. So, how are you?”

“I’m fine. I would love to see you too, I have so much to tell you. But until then, I’ll keep saying that you look amazing!”

“Wait until you see the rest of me then! Let me stand up and turn on the lights.”

So she did. When she came back she stood in such a way so he could see her whole body. She was right. She was a goddess. She was wearing a tight dress that emphasized every curve of her body. Apart from her explosive bust and impressive cleavage, he could distinguish a couple of shapely legs which ended up in a pair of stiletto heeled black leather pumps. She turned around, then came back and sat on the chair. It was obvious she was showing off. *But why?* He wondered.

“So what do you think?”

"I'm speechless. It's not an overstatement, you are one of the prettiest women I have ever seen."

"And from what I know, you have seen quite a few. Anyway, tell me about the girl, I'm looking at her photos right now. However I have to warn you that I can't form a full opinion from the photos alone. I might easily be mistaken."

"I understand that, but I trust your judgement. I only ask for your point of view, no strings attached."

"Fine then. I'm all ears."

"The pictures you are looking at, are coming from the same girl at different ages. In the first ones, she is sixteen. In the photos with the bathing suit, she is eighteen. In the next ones, she is twenty. This is when family issues concerning her father's health begin to occur. The last ones are from about six months ago at the age of twenty four. Her father died two years ago. After his death, she went into a long depression. Only until the last semester, she began accepting it and recovers."

"I see. Is her mother alive?"

"No. She lost her mother when she was very young. She only has a cousin who is taking care of her."

"Right. So what did you want to ask me?"

"It is a delicate matter. It has to do with her sexual identity and behavior."

"Kostas, don't hesitate. There is absolutely no reason to feel ashamed. You can ask anything you want directly."

"Ok. When you are looking at the photos where she is sixteen and the ones where she is eighteen, what do you see?"

"I still don't get it, but I'll try to help you hoping you will make yourself clearer in the process. I must warn you though, I have never attempted to determine a psychological profile via photographs. At least they are high definition and I can easily zoom them out. Let's see. The first pictures show an attractively shaped young lady, quite developed for her

age. She appears shy and timid but not prudish. Her advanced development also shows a high level of female hormones. So, I wouldn't describe her as frigid and I don't think she will be. The photos with her bathing suit are scantier. Especially those where the lower part of her bikini is damp and her vulva is revealed." She smiled discreetly.

"Scientifically explained, see?"

"I love it."

"These photos show a well-shaped juicy woman. I'd guess she hasn't had sex yet. I would also assume she is clitoral, therefore easily stimulated. This can make her look timid if she doesn't know how to handle it. But I wouldn't call her frigid. Now will you please tell me what this is all about?"

"You are right, I will give you a general idea of what's going on and if you want to know more details just ask."

"Sure"

"I know her cousin. He is an old colleague of mine. He suggested to meet the girl in the photos with the intention of starting a relationship and eventually get married. The girl has neglected herself due to her father's death, she put on weight, she isn't going out and therefore cannot connect with people. Let alone the fact that she is still a virgin and has never been kissed by a guy."

"Are you sure about that?"

"To be honest, no. I haven't met her yet. This is what her cousin told me. I have seen her at an event five or six years ago and he had mentioned her then. Judging by his words and his character, it is possible he is telling the truth. What I would like to know, if all of the above is true, is how to handle her."

"I'm finally beginning to understand. The situation is more complicated than you think. The girl may look normal but a young woman at her age that never had any sort of contact with the opposite sex will definitely have some issues in the long run. This can get even worse after long

periods of depression due to events like those you mentioned. Before I carry on, are you sure you want to be a part of this?"

"No, I'm not at all sure and this is why I delve more deeply. Truth is, this offer has been very tempting. I've been through a lot these last few years. In every way. I'm in poor economic condition. Basically unemployed most of the time. I got divorced two years ago. I also haven't flirted or had sex for about three years so..."

"I'm sorry, did you just say you haven't had sex for three years?"

"Exactly. But please, don't say it out loud, because I feel embarrassed."

"Pardon me. I never had the intention to make you feel this way. The exact opposite. I really want to help you. However, I don't think I can do that sitting behind a lifeless screen. It won't be effective. Where do you live, by the way?"

"I live in Ano Glyfada."

"Very well. I live in Voula. That's very close. How about you pay me a visit?"

"Right now?"

"Right now. Didn't you just say that you have to make a decision by tomorrow morning? Come over, we can discuss the matter and try to figure it out together. I was very happy to hear from you, you have intrigued my curiosity and I'm home alone. And by alone, I mean single. No relationship, no husband, no nothing. Plus, I don't sleep early."

"In that case, I would really love to see you too. Tell me your address."

Claire gave him her address and sent a text as well just to make sure he wouldn't get it wrong.

She turned off the Skype call and went inside to get ready. . A negative thought crossed Kostas's mind and made him panic.

He was about to visit his old girlfriend whom he hasn't seen for about eight years. She was gorgeous. He was not. He even felt badly about their whole conversation. What would she think of him? On the other hand, if she thought badly of him, would she offer to help him and invite him to her place at midnight?

Do not forget, he reminded himself *she is a psychologist and a very good one too*. It occurred to him that this was the main reason he decided to terminate their short relationship. She always seemed to know what he was thinking, unwittingly even, and he couldn't hide anything from her. She could literally read his mind. It had killed all the magic. On the other hand, the sex was amazing. She knew what he wanted and when, and she was lavishly giving it to him. That alone was not enough though. As a result, after spending four wonderful months together he decided to break up with her. She stoically accepted, maybe with a slight bitterness. She saw her a couple of times after that and then they lost touch. Occasionally he wondered if he overreacted, but it was too late.

Maybe I should call her and find an excuse to cancel? He considered. *No, it would be rude and improper. I need to find a solution after all and running away is not an option.*

He eventually decided to go.

He browsed his Google maps to locate her address and realized that her place was very close to Dimitris's. *Someone is playing games with me*, he thought. Too many coincidences. He rotated the map to get a satellite view of her house. It was a large detached house with a garden and a swimming pool. Things indeed took a turn for the better for Claire. Eight years ago, she was still living in Pagrati with her mom.

He took a quick shower, wore his best suit and a clean shirt and went out. *I can't go emptyhanded*, he mused. Luckily, there was a liquor store next to his apartment which remained open until late at night. He bought a choco-

late pralines gift box and two bottles of rose champagne. He went to the nearby flower shop and bought fifteen scarlet red roses as well.

He arrived at Claire's in about ten minutes. He had no trouble locating her house. He used the intercom and rang the doorbell. The door opened immediately. He crossed the beautifully lighted garden path to the house entrance in the back. From what he could distinguish, it looked like a modern two floored maisonette. The main door opened and Claire appeared at the threshold. She looked even more stunning under the entrance light.

She had changed. Now she wore a bright red dress, the color of fire. It was tight like the previous one but shorter, enough to reveal her flawless legs. A pair of shiny red high heeled pumps completed her outfit.

She is driving me crazy, he thought. It occurred to him, momentarily, that she was doing this on purpose. But why? He concluded that women were complicated beings and you can never know what's on their mind. He walked towards her.

When he came closer, a strong perfume overwhelmed him. Before he could say anything, she hugged him tightly and gave him two strong kisses.

"Welcome. Please come in."

He followed her, dazed. He noticed that she looked equally stunning from behind. Her extremely tight dress didn't leave much to the imagination. He could see every detail of her round buttocks. She wasn't wearing any underwear. *She is definitely spending hours at the gym*, he mused.

He suddenly felt bad. His own body was looking worse than ever. He had put on some weight and had started to develop a large gut due to the complete lack of exercise...

As if she was reading his mind, she turned around, grabbed his shoulders, looked at him and said:

"Let me see you. Looking good!"

“Not at all compared to you.” he muttered. Gaining his voice back he went on: “You are gorgeous, so is your house. These flowers and chocolates are for you. The champagne is for both of us.”

“Thank you very much. I am touched” she said and kissed him again.

Every time she kissed him, there was something happening to him but he couldn’t define what it was.

“Give me a minute to put the champagne on the fridge and the flowers on a vase.” She walked away, shaking her lovely butt and returned holding a vase. She bent over to place it on the table in front of a large sofa made of alcantara. When she did so, she offered him a perfect view of her amazing breasts. She took the roses and placed them slowly and provokingly on the vase.

It was then when he felt his first erection after so long. He felt very uncomfortable. He tried to change his posture on the couch and look away but to no avail. Claire sat extremely close to him.

“You cannot possibly imagine how happy I am to see you.”

“I’m happy to see you too, my dear Claire.”

“And I’m so glad you chose me to help you with your issue.”

“Well, it is a complicated and specific matter and you are the best psychologist I know.”

“Thank you so much. Now tell me how have you been.”

“I don’t have pleasant news, I’m afraid. I will be brief so I won’t depress you. I had some success in business but also a great setback in a company I worked. I had a good position, salary and perspective. Unfortunately, I was posing a threat to some of my colleagues so they set me up. I didn’t figure it out in time so I lost my job. Another setback in another company followed. As a result, I started having financial problems which also affected my personal life. Two

years ago, my wife filled for a divorce and it was finalized some months ago. Since then, I wasn't able to get a real job. Bad finances, gathering debts but my morale remains high. I'm not giving up but this situation is troubling me."

"What about women?"

"Nothing. With so many issues, low self-esteem and being broke, that was the last thing on my mind. After all, you know what the Americans use to say: No money, no honey!"

"You have a point. You never know though. So you were serious when you said that you haven't had sex for three years?"

"Why it comes as such a surprise to you? Last time I had sex was with my wife and it was a failure. I still remember it. It was September, three years ago. Well, two and a half to be exact. After that, she asked for a divorce, just before Christmas. She left and we started the necessary procedures. How could I possibly be thinking of women under all this pressure?"

"The best way to recover from a break up is to find another love. Did you love your wife, by the way?"

"Like I said before, the financial problems determined every outcome. As for the love factor, I can't tell you for sure. What I can tell you is that seeing you again brought back feelings that I've had long time to experience."

"I can tell. I find it quite normal, actually. You should be happy about it."

"You can't imagine how happy I am. But I didn't know how you would react. I was afraid you would feel offended."

"So this is why you are squirming! Let me tell you my story after our break up then, so you can feel more comfortable."

"I'm all ears."

"When you terminated our relationship, I tried not to show, but I was actually devastated. Despite my experience,

I failed to determine the actual causes. I admit, I had made plans about us.”

“How come you’d never ask me, then?”

“I couldn’t. My ego wouldn’t let me. I had to find out by myself. It was then, when I asked for help from a friend and colleague. He helped me a lot but not without a price. Despite the fact that he wasn’t my type at all, I went along with the idea of dating him in order to understand what had happened with us. In the end, I figured out that men cannot function without a flicker of mystery. They need to keep some secrets and going into mischiefs, just like little children. It makes them feel falsely powerful even if most of the times it is merely a delusion. They definitely can’t function when a woman is reading them like an open book and therefore they cannot hide from her. That was the case with us, am I right?”

“You are absolutely correct. That was the case. How long did it take you to figure it out?”

“Two months.”

“Way to go! You are really good, after all. It could take years for others to reach a conclusion if they even managed to do so.”

“Thank you. I know that. But I couldn’t stand my colleague fucking me every time I was making a correct deduction. It was a great motive and I knew it. And excuse my profane language, but you know me, I like being foul-mouthed and use all these expressions when I refer to sex.”

“I also remember you used that as a tool at work. It helped unlocking certain people’s potential and freeing them from their taboos.”

“Exactly! I can’t believe you remember that! Anyway, when I figured it out, I cut all ties with him. I finally decided to take a doctorate which I was considering for a while back then. I travelled to Paris and lived there for two years. I worked my ass off and got it. I began experimenting on short

relationships and applied different patterns. It was my life's work. I was even keeping notes. I did that for another two years. Nothing useful resulted from this. I kept making the same mistakes until I finally realized that I was too selfish. In fact, I didn't care about others, but only for myself. It may looked otherwise, but this was the case. When someone asked me to do something and I didn't agree, I was trying to change his mind, instead of just telling him so."

"Yes, you used to do that when we were together. I remember that time when I asked you to wear a pair of sexy underwear I bought you and you were trying to convince me that sex is equally good without these. In the end, you never wore them."

"Exactly. It never crossed my mind then that it wasn't about sex, but mostly a mind game just before it. So, I decided to change. And I became the exact opposite. I made some sort of research on what men want. Not the husbands or those who are after a serious relationship but the lovers. The ones who only want to fuck you and leave after sex. I made my body more appealing in order to become seductive. I augmented my breasts and I gave a small fortune in weight loss centers. I also went through surgery to emphasize or fix certain parts and here I am."

"The result is very impressive, I must say."

"And effective, judging from the lump in your pants. I'm teasing you!"

Excuse me, why did she say that? he thought. But he would find that out later.

"I also bought new clothes. My work has been a success but I was not at all happy. Men were chasing after me but I wasn't in the mood. I hadn't been in a relationship for months. I wasn't even looking for one. Their adoration was sufficient. And then, everything changed. Some years ago, I was on vacation in Mykonos. Business was booming. All that research had helped a lot. I managed to purchase a

vacant lot and build a Villa. It was the first summer in my new residence and it was then when I met Marcelo. Marcelo was a god. He was Italian with a great athletic body, tanned, with long blonde hair. Until then, I remained indifferent towards guys like him. Men were chasing after me and women were chasing after Marcelo. He was a god, I was a goddess and when we met, there was a strange chemistry between us. Nothing would have happened if it wasn't for that. We fell madly in love. It wasn't about sex or about feelings. Marcelo was crazy. He didn't give a damn. He wouldn't obey any rules. Once, he dared to make love to me in a town alley in public. And I'm not talking about a secluded alley but right at the town center at midnight. And it wasn't quick and dirty either. It lasted for more than half an hour and included many positions. Finally, he came into my mouth in front of everyone. Some tourists filmed it and I was all over the Internet."

"Well, I'd love to see that!"

"I had no doubt." she laughed. "If you are a good boy, I will show it to you. There are over ten different versions and some of them are really good."

"It didn't offend you?"

"It did, at first. Then I accepted and got used to it. I was even trolling my friends "don't search for it, get it from me directly."

"And what happened with Marcelo?"

"Marcelo ended up being a huge pain in the ass. I won't go through details but I'll tell you some of it. He was a con-man. He told me he was working as a fashion model but in reality he was a drug dealer. He was staying at my place. There was a shed outside the house where I kept my tools and building materials. When we finished building the house, I wanted to get rid of it because it ruined the landscape. However, I was constantly putting it off and I finally decided to do it at the end of the summer. Without me

knowing, Marcelo was storing large amounts of drugs there and dealing them in Greece and Italy. And by large I mean tons. He was also keeping his money stash there. This was taking place for at least two months and I was completely clueless. At some point he broke the news to me:

“You know, Claire”, he said “I really like Greece. I like being with you and I want to make some investments, but since I haven’t declared the money in Italy, I would like to buy some property in your name.”

“Do you trust me enough to do that?”

“Don’t worry. We will sign an informal contract which will declare me as the rightful owner. Plus, I trust you, I don’t think you’ll cause me any problems.”

”Totally surrendered to my lust and sex hormones, I agreed. We went back to Athens and bought this house. Five million euros and a half, in cash. Then we returned to Mykonos and bought a small Hotel and two Villas. Another seven million also in cash. At this point, I began to feel suspicious, but I never mentioned a thing. We visited a notary in Mykonos and proceeded with an informal contract as we had agreed. We were also planning to follow the same procedure for the residence in Athens when we got back. So far, so good.”

“Seriously, Claire, twelve million euros in cash and you didn’t say anything?”

“Exactly. Not a single word. We continued our vacation and the wild sex. I cared about nothing else, back then. There were times when Marcelo was away for a couple of days, probably to bring back the merchandise. You have no idea how much I missed sex these days. I was going through some major withdrawal syndrome. When August came, Marcelo blurted out the story:

“You know, Claire, I want to throw a crazy party. One that will cause an uproar.”

“Fine then, just do it.” I told him.

"I have arranged for a few girls from the model agency I work for to come over. They'll make a photoshoot, they'll stay at our Hotel and they'll join for the party. Do you mind?"

"Why would I mind?"

"Well, since our Hotel has no swimming pool, I decided to throw the party here."

"No problem at all."

"To summarize, the party took place and everything has gone down the pan. A stupid model discovered a bag of cocaine and shared it with everyone at the party. I sniffed some myself. Since I wasn't accustomed to drugs, I was on the verge of fainting. At some point, I realized I was laying naked on an armchair and someone was trying to rape me without success. Since he failed, he came on the model. Some minutes later, I heard someone screaming. Wavering and still completely naked, I moved towards the pool where I saw a girl laying down and bleeding from her mouth. The adrenaline brought me to my senses. My dizziness, my haziness and my headache were gone. I went inside to call 166 and then the police. I attempted to give first aid to the girl but she wasn't responding. Luckily, I had a friend who worked at the police station and he came right away. I quickly got dressed and tried to locate Marcelo. He was nowhere to be found. Later that day, I discovered he was flying back to Rome. You can guess what happened next. The police raided my place and they found the drugs and some cash. The ambulance arrived shortly after that but unfortunately the girl was already dead. They picked up four girls who overdosed and they were in dire need of medical care. I was arrested. The charges were plenty. And all considered felonies. I was transferred to Athens and held in custody at the female ward in Korydalos Judicial Prison. The preliminary investigation took place and I told them everything. But there was no Marcelo. His real name was Antonio

and was even wanted from Interpol. The key was the informal contract I had signed but the notary was nowhere to be found. My lieutenant friend helped me as much as he could and finally located the notary in Syros. He paid him a visit when he was off duty and forced him to give us a copy of the contract. To think that he signed the contract as Antonio and I never even noticed! I hired a good lawyer which cost me a fortune but managed to drop all charges against me, sped up the trial and I eventually got away with a seven month sentence. Since I was in custody for ten months already, they set me free. Marcelo's Villas and the Hotel were confiscated by the state as crime products. Same as the drugs and the cash. I managed to save the Villa in Athens since we never signed a matching contract and I never mentioned it. So I kept it as a souvenir."

"Yeah. A five million euro souvenir."

"Indeed. Thank god, I find it easy to overcome such setbacks. The first thing I did when I got out of jail was to go to Mykonos and demolish the shed. There, I made another discovery. While, I was cleaning up, I noticed a box the policemen had missed. On the bottom part, there was 800.000 euros. I took it and demolished the shed."

"Profit again!"

"I deserved it, ok? I was in jail for ten months."

"How was your time in jail by the way?"

"To be honest, it was just fine. When they found out I was a psychologist that specialized in sexual behavior they swarmed around me for free advice. Even the guards consulted me. Thanks to that, I received special treatment."

"And after that?"

"These events occurred two years ago. My sentence prevented me from practicing my profession for another year, so I continued my vacation in Mykonos when I got out of jail. I was bored to death. Not to mention that everyone knew about me and I couldn't get about much. Only the

summer period was tolerable. When my sentence was over, last September, I came back to Athens, opened a new office and working normally ever since. What I want to point out though, is that after all I've been through, I lost interest in forming any sort of relationship or having sex. As much as I wanted to, I didn't feel the urge to do so. Which is weird for me who used to get turned on so easily. I tried many times and with many different ways but to no avail. I consulted a few colleagues and they all told me that it is a normal reaction since I was still in shock and I just needed more time. Until today. I have to admit that when we were chatting on Skype and you were telling me about the girl, I was soaking wet. When you told me that you hadn't had sex for three years, I almost had an orgasm. This is why I asked you to come over. After two years of sexual abstinence, I have this beautiful feeling again. And from what I can see, I'm not the only one."

"Indeed. When you opened the door and I saw you, I was overwhelmed by passion. I couldn't even speak."

"I noticed. So, what are we going to do about it?"

"I honestly don't know. What do you have in mind?"

"I have an idea. Give me a second, I'll be right back."

She got up and moved towards the stairs that led to the second floor. Ten minutes later, she returned. The sight of her took his breath away. She was wearing a pair of very revealing, tantalizing underwear made of sheer black lace. The set included a pair of black silk garters, fishnet stockings and high heeled sandals. She slowly got down the stairs and went to the fridge. She took the bottles of champagne and two glasses and put them on the table. She turned around and went back in the kitchen. He noticed she was wearing a tiny string. Her butt was lovely. Her plastic surgeon was definitely an artist.

She returned holding the box of pralines.

"So, what do you think?"

"You are divine. You are the most beautiful and perfect woman I have seen."

"Thank you. I want to celebrate this, with chocolate and champagne."

She took one of the pralines, placed it provokingly in her mouth, licked her lips and bit it. The sight was extremely sensual. She opened the bottle of champagne, poured some in both glasses and gave him one. They made a toast and drank.

"I have another idea." she said and walked away again.

She went to a nearby room and came back holding a tripod and a camera.

"We will make our own private video."

She set and activated the camera then sat close to him. She repeated the scene with the praline, more slowly and stimulatingly this time.

"Now is your turn."

Kostas was very turned on. He picked another praline, put it in his mouth, licked it and suddenly, as she stood provokingly in front of him with her legs wide open, he pulled her string aside. The area around her pubes was swollen, probably because she was feeling all hot and bothered. She was wet. He slowly touched her clit with the praline and caressed it in a circular way. Then he stuck it inside her. The sensation was beyond description. She wasn't expecting it either. She had her eyes closed and was breathing heavily. Without stopping, he shoved his finger inside her and got the praline out. Claire let out a loud cry and opened her eyes. He placed the praline in his mouth and ate it.

Claire kept looking at him, lustily. He took another praline, held it between his teeth and approached her. He touched her lips with his. She bit the other half of the praline and began kissing him. It was a sweet and passionate kiss.

He offered her a glass of champagne and they drank it at one gulp. She grabbed her shoulders and made her kneel in front of him. He unzipped his pants and put them down. She knew what he wanted and lowered his boxers.

She began licking him like an ice cream from the top to the bottom. At the same time she was touching and massaging it with her hand. She licked her lips and swallowed him whole. She was moving up and down, licking him slowly to the bottom and sucking her way to the top.

She was indeed very sensual. He knew that if he would let her do that for a few more minutes he wouldn't last and would come on her mouth. He thought of asking her to stop but he was curious enough to see for how long she could go on. He decided to let her continue and ejaculate in her mouth. His orgasm occurred some minutes later. He let out a loud scream and came hard on her mouth. Since he hadn't cum for quite some time, he produced a large amount of sperm. Claire kept sucking him hard and didn't stop until she realized there wasn't a single drop left inside him. He laid exhausted on the couch.

Claire got up and stood in front of him. He could see traces of his sperm still in her lips.

"What do you think?" she asked him.

"On a scale from 1 to 10, I'll give you a 20."

Clearly satisfied, Claire burst out laughing. She turned off the camera and sat next to him.

"I have never done it like this before. It was very intense, a unique experience. I have another idea. I remember you were obsessed with sex toys, isn't that right?"

"You remember correctly."

"As well as photos and videos. Mostly amateur stuff."

"Correct again."

"Do you still have that obsession?"

"Of course. These things never change."

TO BE CONTINUED

Claire, Erica and Cleo

The Day After

The story of Claire, Erica, Cleo and Kostas is continued in the second book of this trilogy.

Claire, Erica and Cleo - The day after

The day after the wedding, finds them confronting new challenges. Unexpected events and twists, brings them up against with the real purpose of their existence.

Their contact with the “Visitors” in the frozen land of Switzerland becomes crucial for the continuation of their “upgraded” course.

Returning to Athens, they begin to lay the foundations for the “Renaissance” of Greece at first and then of all humanity.

Moreover, after the “shocking” revelations in the island of Santorini, their course obtain a “universal” nature.

Claire, Erica and Cleo

The Day After

An erotic, science fiction novel.